PENTHOUSE

HE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

UNE 1979 **$2.25**

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PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

HE WHITE HAND: TERRORISM FOR HIRE • THE KID: SMUGGLING GRASS •
AUL ERDMAN: THE FUTURE OF MONEY • SECOND CITY: FIRST IN COMEDY •
HILDREN IN PRISON: KIDS' RIGHTS • TOM T. HALL: NOT A FUNNY HILLBILLY

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PENTHOUSE

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CONTENTS			**PAGE**
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		8
FEEDBACK	Opinion		46
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	55
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	D. Keith Mano	63
SCENES		Emily Prager	64
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	66
WORDS		Patrick Owens	67
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer	68
THE WHITE HAND	Article	Ernest Volkman and John Cummings	72
WE'RE PLAYING HER SONG	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	80
TOM T. HALL	Profile	John Eskow	92
THE KID	Fiction	Albert Goldman	96
PAUL ERDMAN	Interview	Lawrence Linderman	100
DESIGNING WOMAN	Pet of the Month	Photos by Stan Malinowski	107
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service		120
PET-OF-THE-YEAR PLAYOFF	Pictorial		122
MOMMY BITCH	Satire	Tom Eyen	130
HOW MANY ACRYLICS HAD TO DIE TO MAKE THAT SWEATER?	Article	Denis Boyles	134
LET'S GET SMALL	Service	Ivan Berger	140
ALANA	Pictorial	Photos by Ronnie Hertz	148
THE ELEVEN THOUSAND WHIPS	Fiction	Guillaume Apollinaire	167
THE AGE OF ANDROGYNY	Quiz	Frank Donegan	171
GROOM AT THE TOP	Service	Ed Emmerling	175
THE RAT INVASION	Article	Richard Ballad	176
CHILDREN IN JAIL	Article	Nat Hentoff	184
PORSCHE 924 TURBO: MORE POWER TO THE PEOPLE	Service	Wade Hoyt	200
OH, WICKED WANDA!	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	212

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WE'RE PLAYING HER SONG

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

"I'd have to say that the most sensuous part of me is my *ears,*" laughs Jeannie Anderson, "but I suppose most men would take another guess." No doubt. Our 36-24-36, musically inclined siren boasts masses of auburn hair, porcelain skin, and a cameo profile—plus eyelashes so long and alluring that "batting them," she admits, "is like assault with a lethal weapon. Men practically fall at my feet!" Mostly, though, she prefers knocking them over with talent.

Lingerie courtesy of Glydon's, Los Angeles, Calif., wardrobe courtesy of Strip Thrills, West Hollywood, Calif., and A Propos, Southern California

"I sing and play the piano, but my greatest ambition is to become a professional composer. I write every kind of music, from rhythm and blues to country and western," she adds, her blue eyes shining proudly. Despite her ambition, Jeannie believes that a woman should be utterly feminine. "I love the silk and satin glamour of the 1920s, for example. These photos were shot in Mary Pickford's old house. I was so thrilled that sliding down the banister was my own idea."

Jeannie also likes to spend time around her El Monte, California home, "reading, riding horseback, or serenading my lover on a summer's night," she adds, saving the best for last. "I'm a real romantic. Relationships, like music, take dedication, passion, and concentration, and I can only handle all that with one man at a time." Jeannie seems to have a special weakness for athletic men. "Maybe it's because they tend to be strong enough to let themselves be gentle."

Jewelry designs by ROBERT OUZI CREATIONS, Austin, Tex. and Los Angeles, Calif.

"I definitely *don't* have a weakness for men who assume they can seduce me just by buying me presents," she adds, with conviction. "I can't be bought. I'd happily run off with a gas station attendant if I cared about him. If I didn't care, no huge bank account would lure me into bed."

Makeup and hair by Linelle Curtis

But stunning as Lynda is, she doesn't want her face—or her body—to be her fortune. "Since the age of eight, when my legs got long enough to reach the pedals on my mother's Singer, I've been sewing. Right now I'm working as a wardrobe mistress for a Palm Beach theater company, but someday I'll be designing clothes and costumes for the stars."

‘I'm like the girl next door and maybe even the woman of your dreams.’

"That doesn't mean I'm a workaholic," she adds playfully. "Sex, fun, and companionship mean as much to me as success. I get butterflies just as often on the first night with a new lover as I do on opening night. After all, it's in bed that I'm really in the spotlight!" Occasionally, Lynda says, her looks attract too much attention. "I want men to admire me, but I don't want to be idolized; I'd feel more like a pinup girl than a real woman. Still," she adds, "I can't blame anyone for enjoying the view. I admit I prefer being with a handsome man myself. Who wants to be known as beauty and the beast?"

Another turn-on for Lynda is sunbathing—preferably nude. "I read that sunlight acts as an aphrodisiac, and my body becomes living proof of that. The sun gets my juices flowing and gets me in the mood for love." With a positive attitude like that, we're certain Lynda will reap exactly what she sews.

MISS LYNDA CLARK/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Pet of the Year Play-off

As a loyal *Penthouse* reader, you have had incessant exposure to numberless sumptuous women, which has doubtless turned you into some sort of expert and qualified you for the awesome task of helping select, from among the magnificent candidates pictured here, the most desirable beauty of all—the Penthouse Pet of the Year. The winner will receive, along with her official 1978 title, the most valuable collection of gifts and cash awards in the history of beauty competitions. Send your vote to either the New York or the London Penthouse office, addressed to "Pet of the Year." And may the best lady win!

DEBORA ZULLO

November 1977

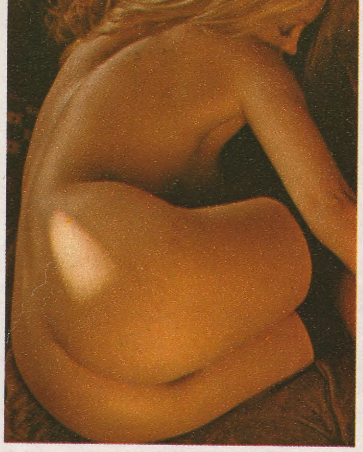
"What turns me on most is turning on a man," proclaims this dusky Los Angeles fashion model, whose dark beauty envelops her like strong perfume. "In bed I'll do anything—dress up, playact, whatever is fun and new," she promises. "I try to act on my impulses, whether it's flying to Rio on a moment's notice or making love on a desk top. For me, there are no forbidden things," adds the proud possessor of this tempting 36-22-36 body. "Everything is possible."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

CHERYL RIXON
December 1977

"Good sex is like doing headstands," our barefoot girl with cheek tells us. "It makes you feel deliciously limber and alive and turns the whole world upside down." At other times, though, our twenty-three-year-old, 37-23-35 blonde Australian beauty is rarely off balance: "I'm an accomplished gymnast and athlete. I've got both bare feet firmly planted on the ground," she says, radiating an impish charm. "In bed," she confides, "I'm a cuddler. I ask for nonstop affection, and I return every bit of it."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI



CARMEN POPE
March 1978

"When I gaze at the stars, I'm as aware of their power as I am of their beauty," says our darkly sensual student of astrology. Being partly of Spanish descent, Carmen is as passionate about her own heavenly 38-22-36 body as she is about those belonging to the Zodiac. "I'm a Scorpio, and I only like to make it with men who have signs that are compatible with mine. When we make love together, I feel it's with the blessings of the stars. I guess that makes me a romantic," adds our Nashville-based nineteen-year-old, "because I want to be in harmony with myself and with the universe."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

M

CORINNE ALPHEN
June 1978

"I've been a real water baby since . . . well, since I was a *baby*," our brown-haired, 37-23-36 aquatic beauty tells us. "The seacoast has always been my true home." At twenty-four, Corinne is an accomplished deep-sea fisherwoman and a talented actress. "I think it's important to take chances, whether battling a fish or stage fright," she smiles. "The higher the stakes, the better. After all, life is really a gamble, isn't it?" If so, Corinne is well equipped: with her charm, her lithe body, and her strong sense of ambition. "I like a man who can be many things, who can give me hard sex and then go out and buy me a soft kitten . . ."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

‘I'm the very first
temptress . . . Eve and the
serpent all in one.
When a man is exposed to
a temptation like
me, his usual response is
“Heaven can wait!”’

ALANA

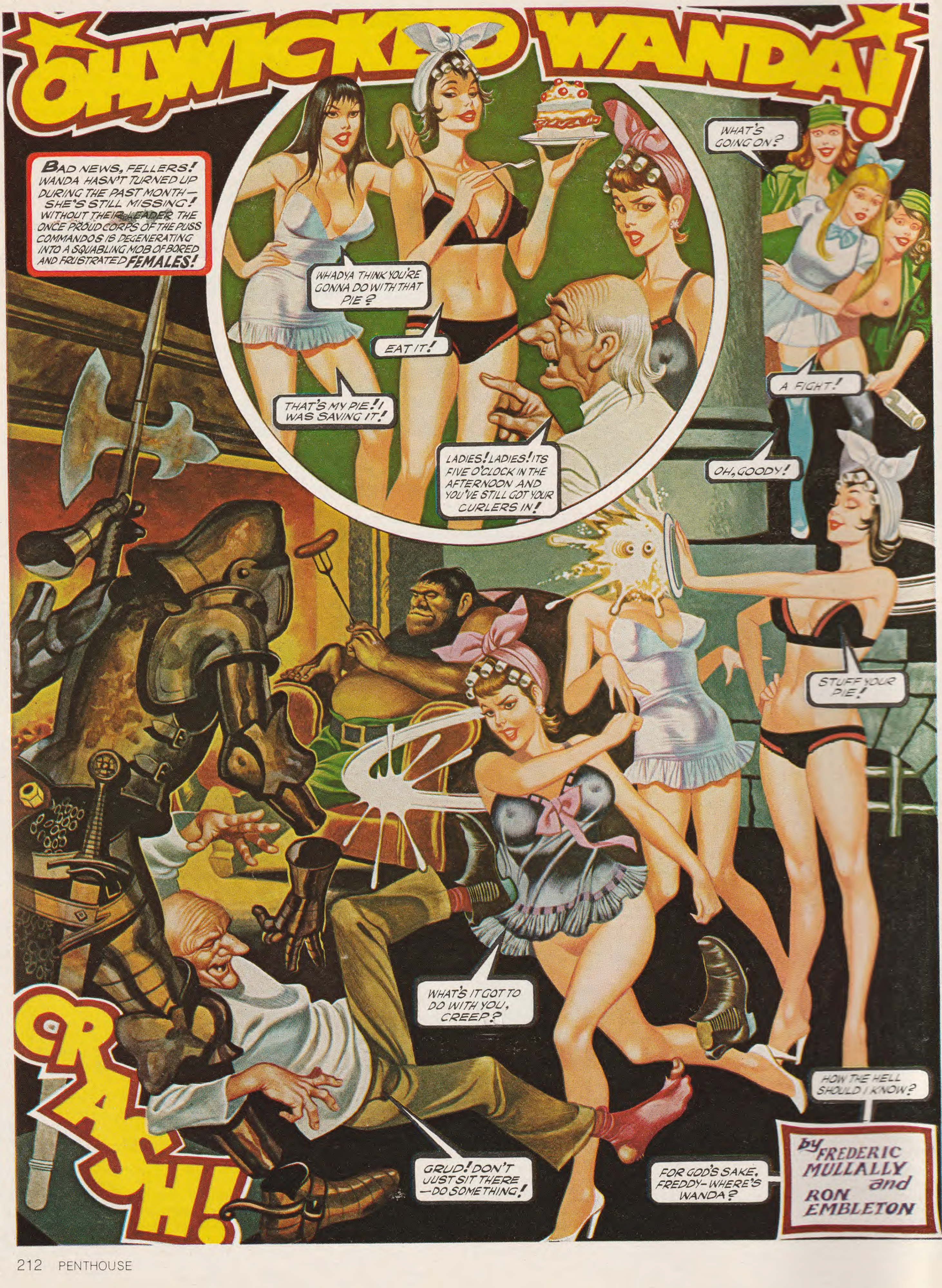
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONNIE HERTZ

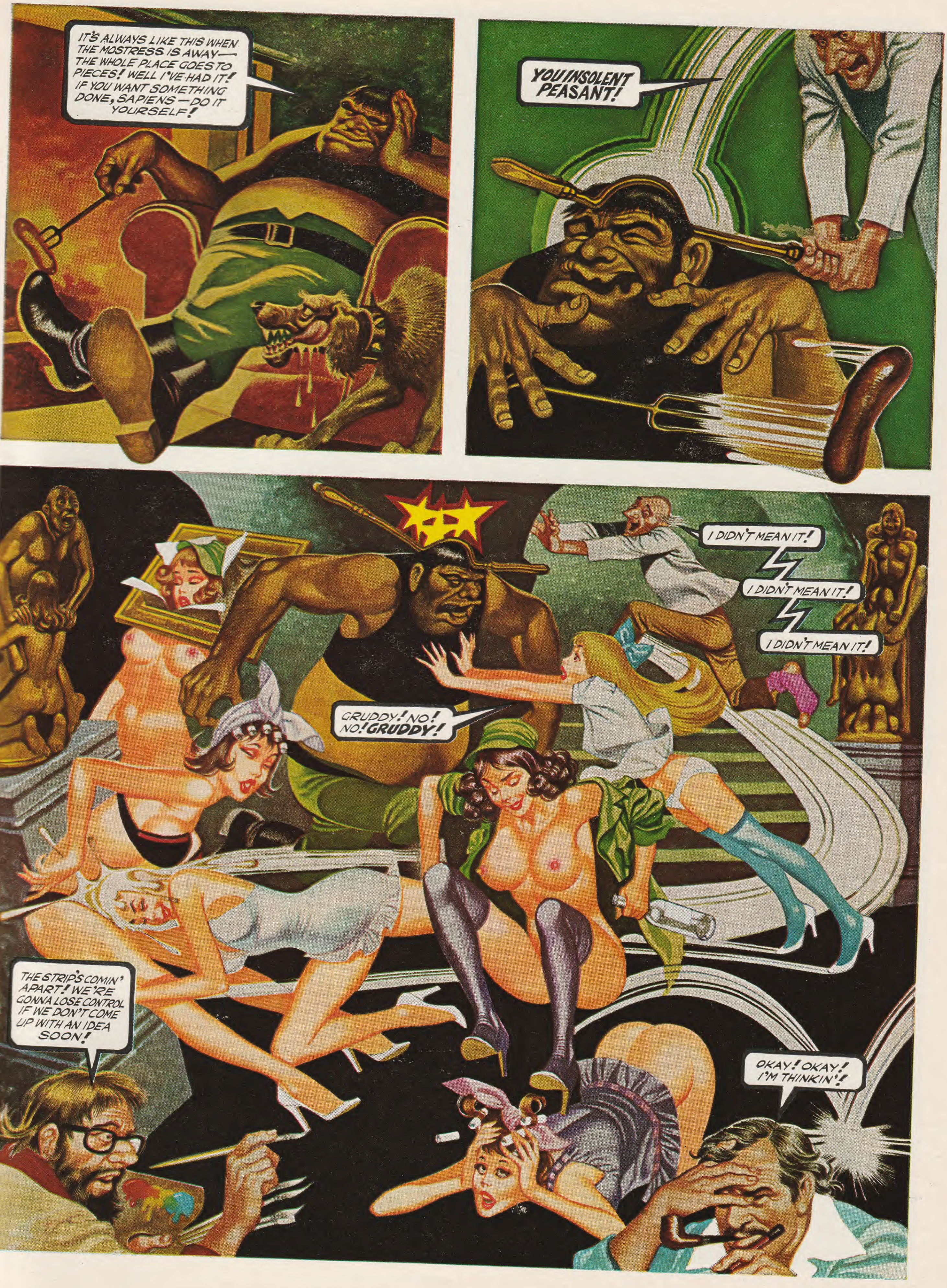
Alana's philosophy is simple: "Keep in touch with your animal instincts and never get too 'civilized' to have fun. If you have a true sense of adventure, *anyplace* is a frontier—a crowded U.S. city as well as the barren Australian countryside." Alana does admit that it sometimes gets a little lonely Down Under, especially for a girl as gregarious as she is.

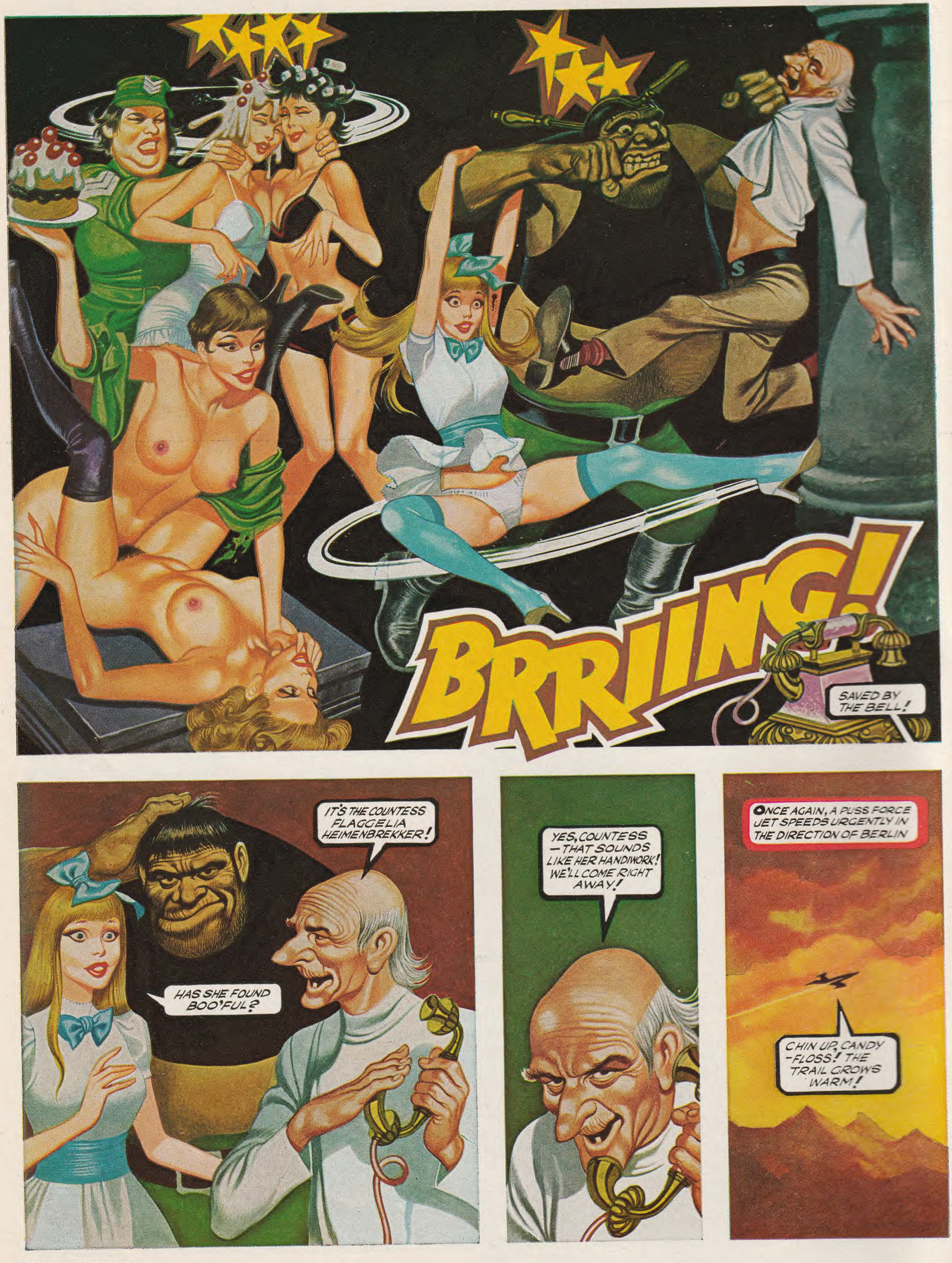
Clothes courtesy of Tarzan's, Haastje-Repje, and Jardin des Modes, Amsterdam; shoes courtesy of Fred de la Bretoniere and De Lange, Amsterdam; accessories courtesy of Indigo, Amsterdam.

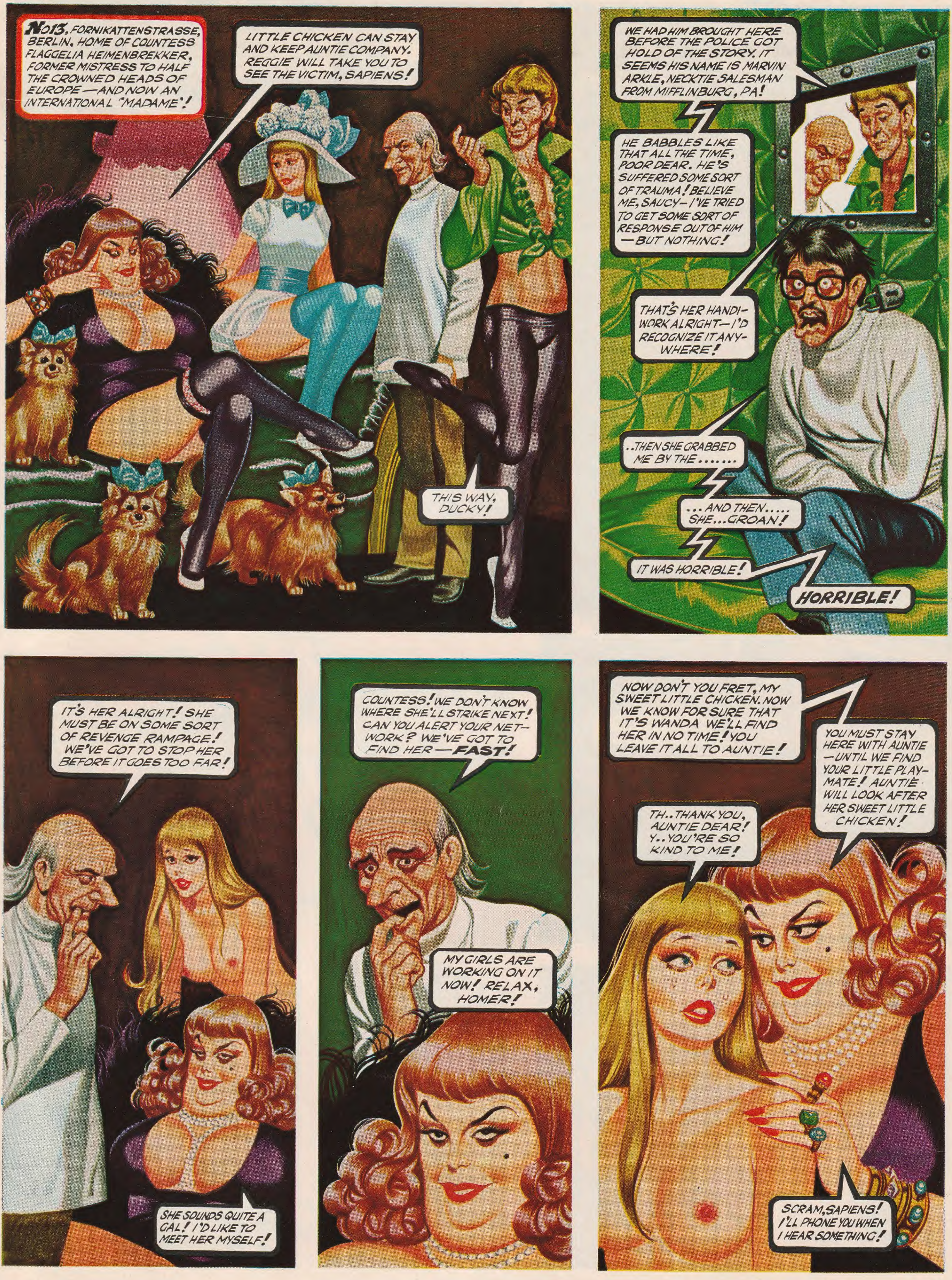
"Instead of a koala bear," she teases, "they should show *me* clinging to a tree in that Quantas ad! I'll bet the place would be overpopulated in no time!" Looking at Alana's raw beauty in this primitive setting brings the Garden of Eden to mind. "I'm the very first temptress, the original sinner, Eve and the serpent all in one," Alana adds, delighted at the thought. "When a man is exposed to a temptation like me, his usual response is 'Heaven can wait!' "

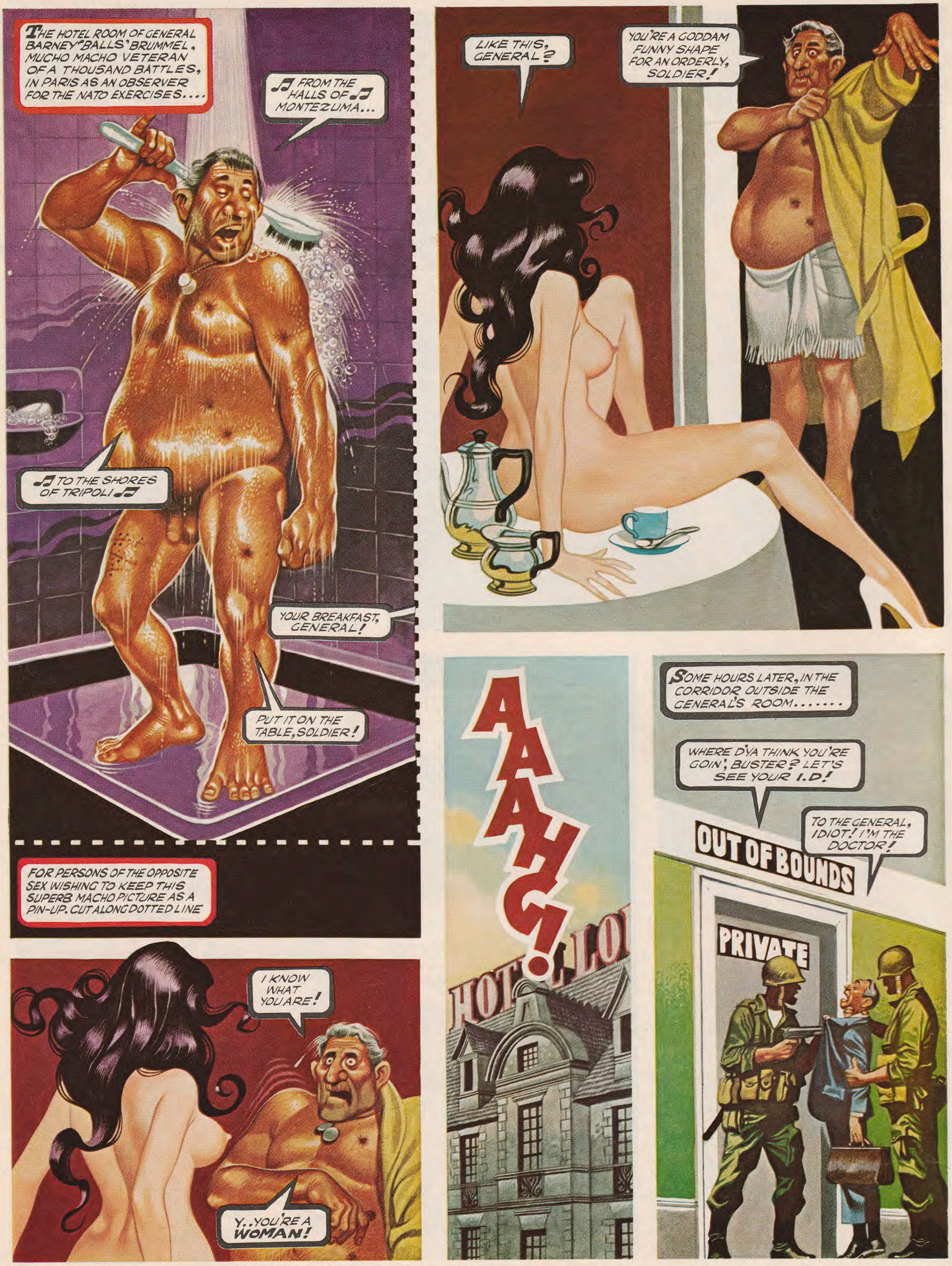
"Falling from grace sounds like a lot of fun," she jokes, ". . . no more dangerous, I suppose, than falling out of this little studio tree!" Her more far-reaching hopes are that her modeling career will continue to flourish. "In front of a camera," she confesses, "I feel even more uninhibited than usual." Wild thing, we think we love you . . .

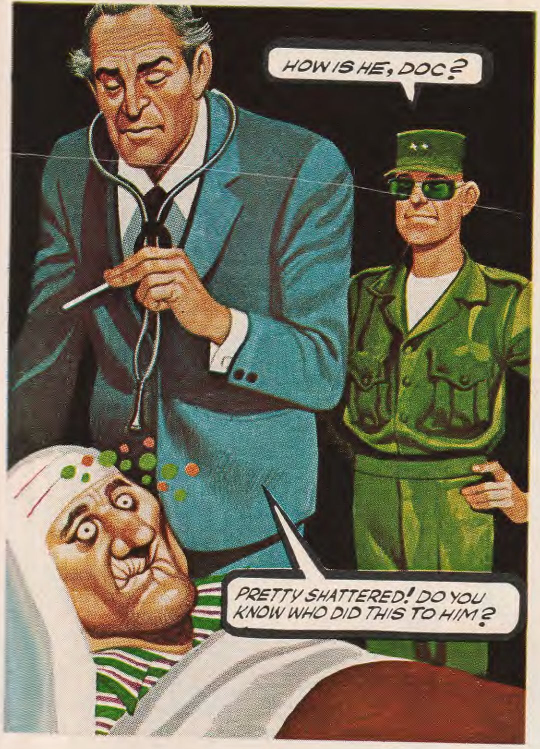

OH WICKED WANDA!
BAD NEWS, FELLERS! WANDA HASN'T TURNED UP DURING THE PAST MONTH— SHE'S STILL MISSING! WITHOUT THEIR LEADER THE ONCE PROUD CORPS OF THE PUSS COMMANDOS IS DEGENERATING INTO A SQUABLING MOB OF BORED AND FRUSTRATED FEMALES!
WHADYA THINK YOU'RE GONNA DO WITH THAT PIE?
EAT IT!
THAT'S MY PIE! I WAS SAVING IT!
LADIES! LADIES! ITS FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON AND YOU'VE STILL GOT YOUR CURLERS IN!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
A FIGHT!
OH, GOODY!
STUFF YOUR PIE!
WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH YOU, CREEP?
HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?
CRASH!
GRUD! DON'T JUST SIT THERE —DO SOMETHING!
FOR GOD'S SAKE, FREDDY— WHERE'S WANDA?
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

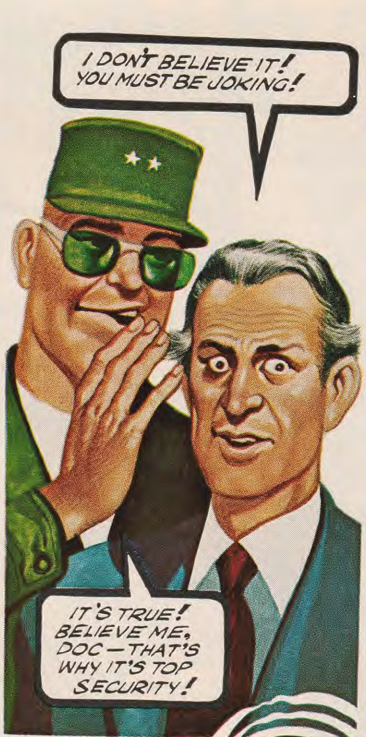

IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THIS WHEN THE MOSTRESS IS AWAY— THE WHOLE PLACE GOES TO PIECES! WELL I'VE HAD IT! IF YOU WANT SOMETHING DONE, SAPIENS—DO IT YOURSELF!
YOU INSOLENT PEASANT!
I DIDN'T MEAN IT!
I DIDN'T MEAN IT!
I DIDN'T MEAN IT!
GRUDDY! NO! NO! GRUDDY!
THE STRIP'S COMIN' APART! WE'RE GONNA LOSE CONTROL IF WE DON'T COME UP WITH AN IDEA SOON!
OKAY! OKAY! I'M THINKIN'!

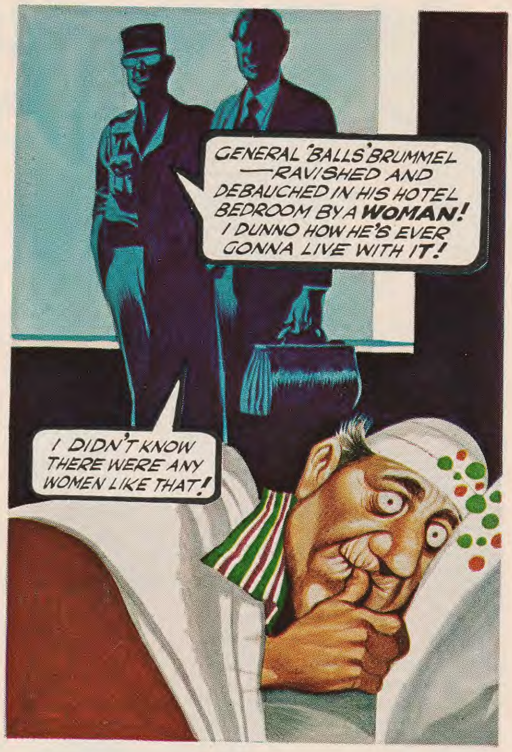

BRRIING!
SAVED BY THE BELL!
IT'S THE COUNTESS FLAGGELIA HEIMENBREKKER!
HAS SHE FOUND BOO'FUL?
YES, COUNTESS — THAT SOUNDS LIKE HER HANDIWORK! WE'LL COME RIGHT AWAY!
ONCE AGAIN, A PUSS FORCE JET SPEEDS URGENTLY IN THE DIRECTION OF BERLIN
CHIN UP, CANDY-FLOSS! THE TRAIL GROWS WARM!

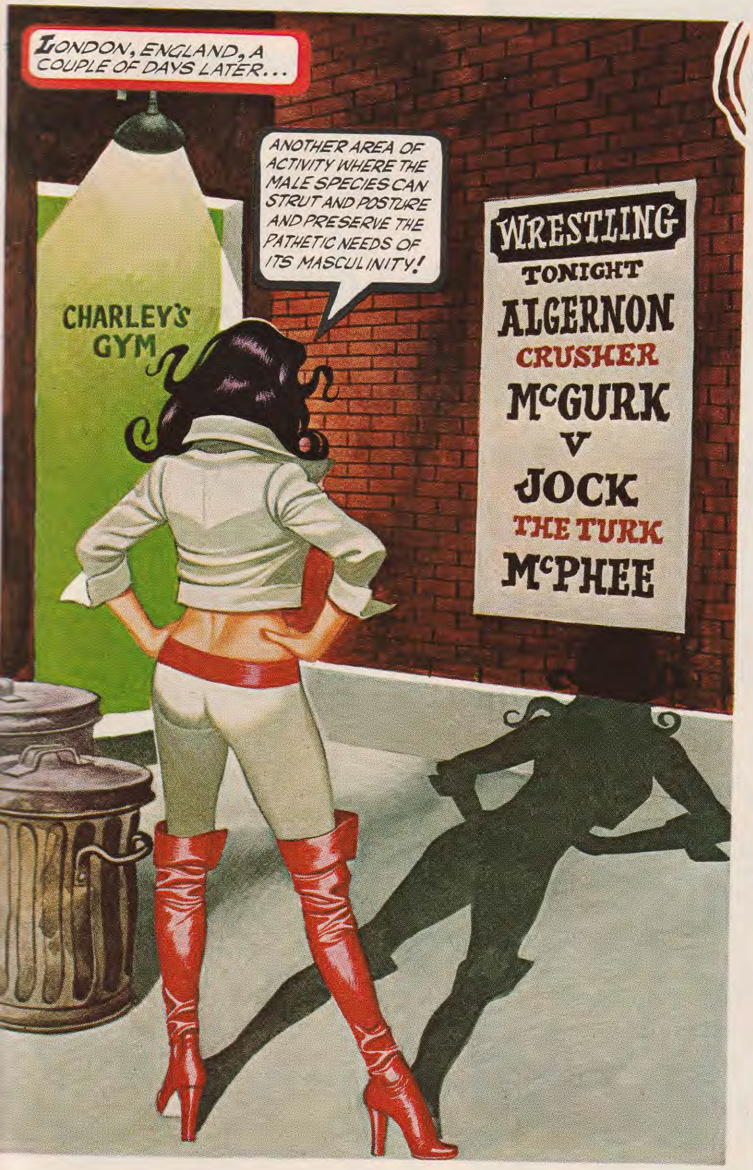

NO 13, FORNIKATTENSTRASSE, BERLIN. HOME OF COUNTESS FLAGGELIA HEIMENBREKKER, FORMER MISTRESS TO HALF THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE—AND NOW AN INTERNATIONAL "MADAME"!
LITTLE CHICKEN CAN STAY AND KEEP AUNTIE COMPANY. REGGIE WILL TAKE YOU TO SEE THE VICTIM, SAPIENS!
THIS WAY, DUCKY!
WE HAD HIM BROUGHT HERE BEFORE THE POLICE GOT HOLD OF THE STORY. IT SEEMS HIS NAME IS MARVIN ARKLE, NECKTIE SALESMAN FROM MIFFLINBURG, PA!
HE BABBLES LIKE THAT ALL THE TIME, POOR DEAR. HE'S SUFFERED SOME SORT OF TRAUMA! BELIEVE ME, SAUCY—I'VE TRIED TO GET SOME SORT OF RESPONSE OUT OF HIM—BUT NOTHING!
THAT'S HER HANDIWORK ALRIGHT—I'D RECOGNIZE IT ANYWHERE!
..THEN SHE GRABBED ME BY THE.......
...AND THEN..... SHE...GROAN!
IT WAS HORRIBLE!
HORRIBLE!
IT'S HER ALRIGHT! SHE MUST BE ON SOME SORT OF REVENGE RAMPAGE! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HER BEFORE IT GOES TOO FAR!
SHE SOUNDS QUITE A GAL! I'D LIKE TO MEET HER MYSELF!
COUNTESS! WE DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE'LL STRIKE NEXT! CAN YOU ALERT YOUR NETWORK? WE'VE GOT TO FIND HER—FAST!
MY GIRLS ARE WORKING ON IT NOW! RELAX, HOMER!
NOW DON'T YOU FRET, MY SWEET LITTLE CHICKEN. NOW WE KNOW FOR SURE THAT IT'S WANDA WE'LL FIND HER IN NO TIME! YOU LEAVE IT ALL TO AUNTIE!
YOU MUST STAY HERE WITH AUNTIE—UNTIL WE FIND YOUR LITTLE PLAYMATE! AUNTIE WILL LOOK AFTER HER SWEET LITTLE CHICKEN!
TH..THANK YOU, AUNTIE DEAR! Y..YOU'RE SO KIND TO ME!
SCRAM, SAPIENS! I'LL PHONE YOU WHEN I HEAR SOMETHING!

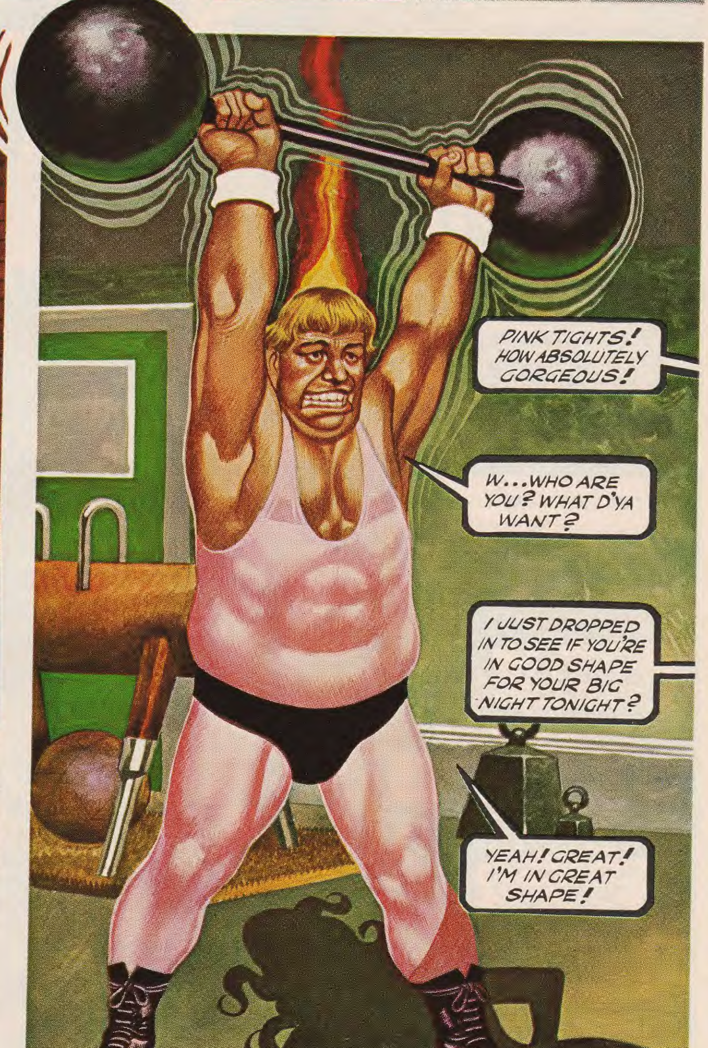

THE HOTEL ROOM OF GENERAL BARNEY "BALLS" BRUMMEL, MUCHO MACHO VETERAN OF A THOUSAND BATTLES, IN PARIS AS AN OBSERVER FOR THE NATO EXERCISES....
♫ FROM THE HALLS OF ♫ MONTEZUMA...
♫ TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI ♫
YOUR BREAKFAST, GENERAL!
PUT IT ON THE TABLE, SOLDIER!
FOR PERSONS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX WISHING TO KEEP THIS SUPERB MACHO PICTURE AS A PIN-UP. CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE
LIKE THIS, GENERAL?
YOU'RE A GODDAM FUNNY SHAPE FOR AN ORDERLY, SOLDIER!
I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE!
Y..YOU'RE A WOMAN!
AAAHG!
SOME HOURS LATER, IN THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE GENERAL'S ROOM.......
WHERE D'YA THINK YOU'RE GOIN', BUSTER? LET'S SEE YOUR I.D!
TO THE GENERAL, IDIOT! I'M THE DOCTOR!
OUT OF BOUNDS
PRIVATE

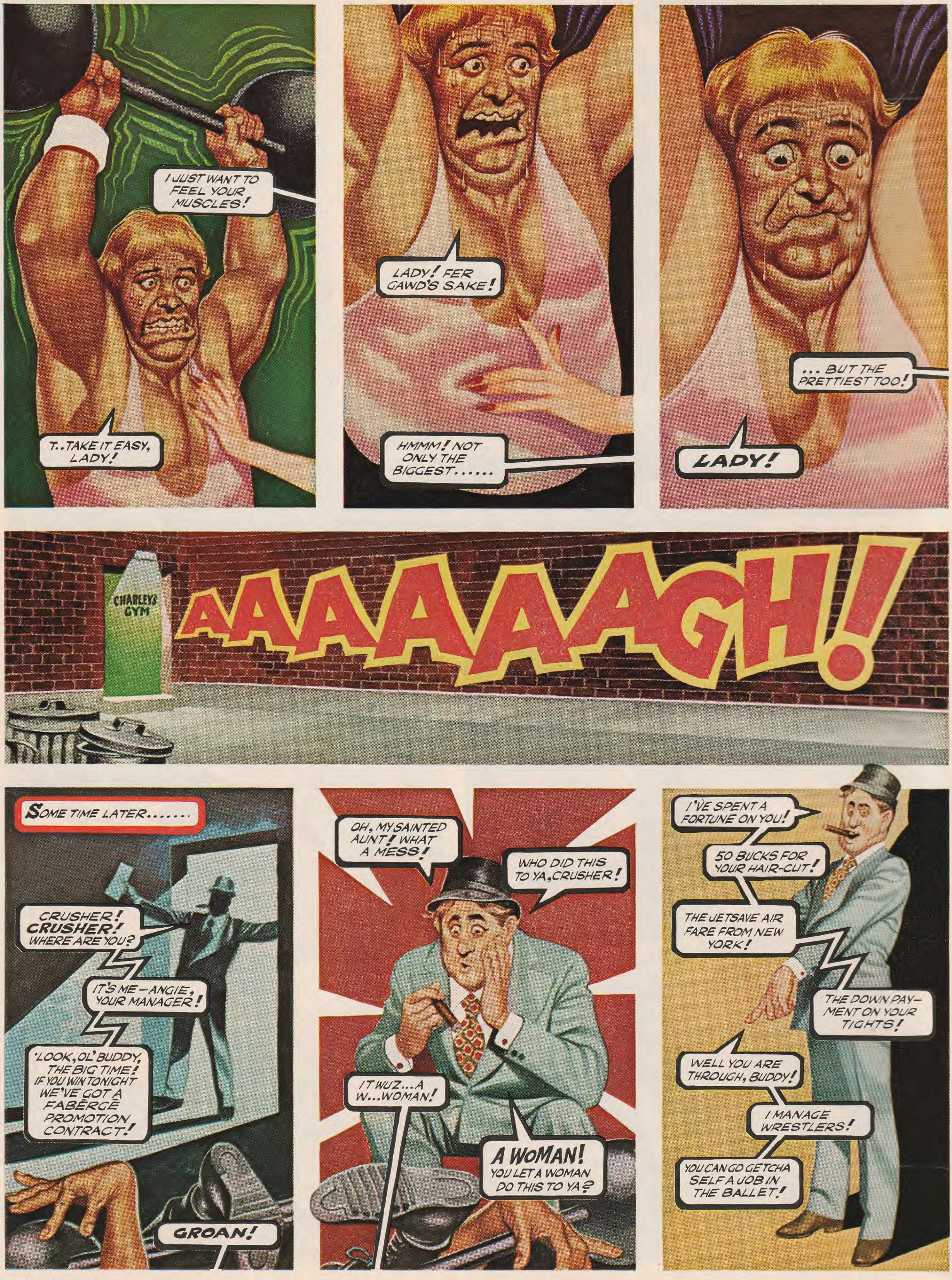

HOW IS HE, DOC?
PRETTY SHATTERED! DO YOU KNOW WHO DID THIS TO HIM?

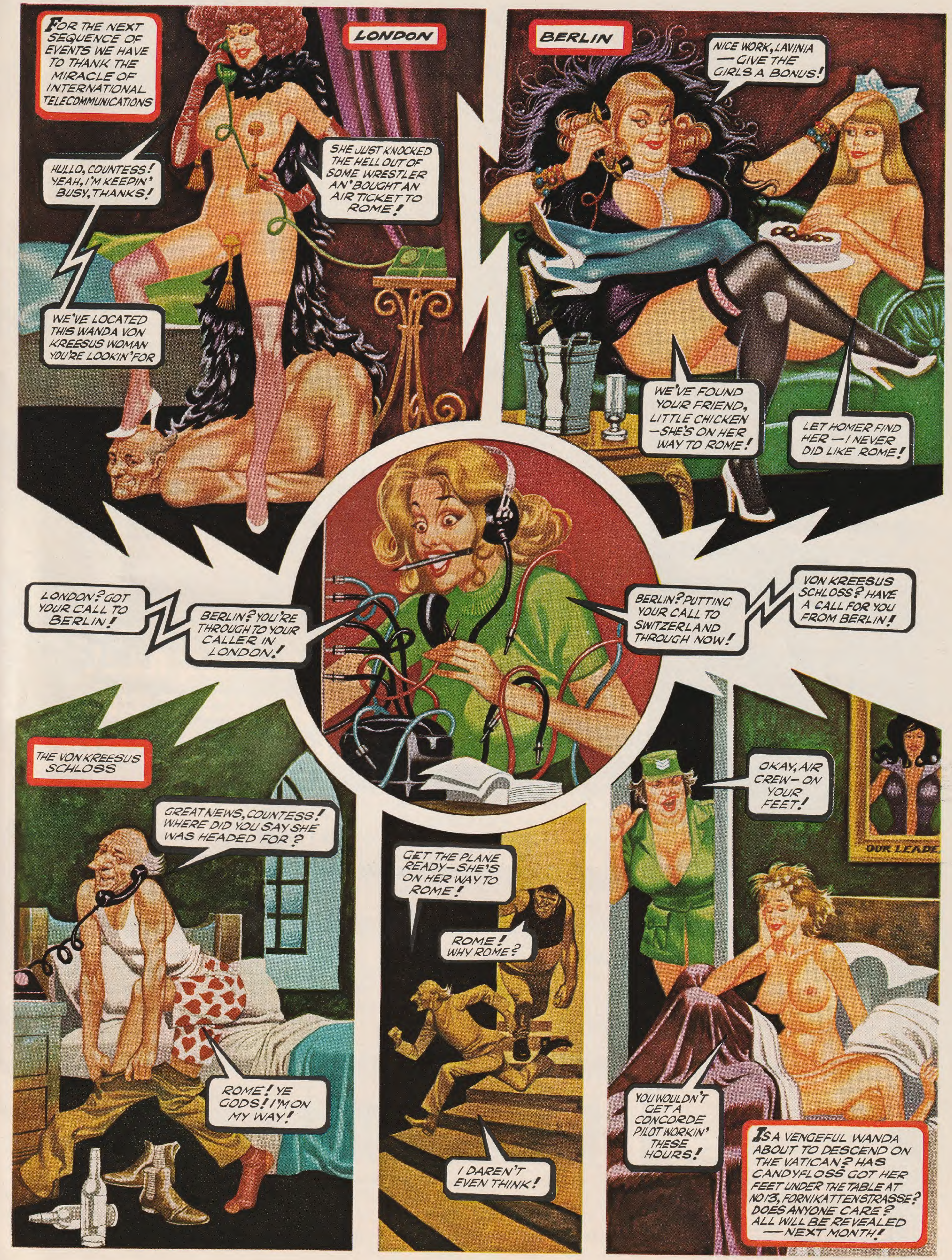

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU MUST BE JOKING!
IT'S TRUE! BELIEVE ME, DOC—THAT'S WHY IT'S TOP SECURITY!


GENERAL "BALLS" BRUMMEL —RAVISHED AND DEBAUCHED IN HIS HOTEL BEDROOM BY A WOMAN! I DUNNO HOW HE'S EVER GONNA LIVE WITH IT!
I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE ANY WOMEN LIKE THAT!


LONDON, ENGLAND, A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER...
ANOTHER AREA OF ACTIVITY WHERE THE MALE SPECIES CAN STRUT AND POSTURE AND PRESERVE THE PATHETIC NEEDS OF ITS MASCULINITY!
CHARLEY'S GYM
WRESTLING
TONIGHT
ALGERNON
CRUSHER
McGURK
V
JOCK
THE TURK
McPHEE


PINK TIGHTS! HOW ABSOLUTELY GORGEOUS!
W...WHO ARE YOU? WHAT D'YA WANT?
I JUST DROPPED IN TO SEE IF YOU'RE IN GOOD SHAPE FOR YOUR BIG NIGHT TONIGHT?
YEAH! GREAT! I'M IN GREAT SHAPE!


I JUST WANT TO FEEL YOUR MUSCLES!
T..TAKE IT EASY, LADY!
LADY! FER GAWD'S SAKE!
HMMM! NOT ONLY THE BIGGEST......
... BUT THE PRETTIEST TOO!
LADY!
CHARLEY'S GYM
AAAAAAGH!
SOME TIME LATER.......
CRUSHER! CRUSHER! WHERE ARE YOU?
IT'S ME—ANGIE, YOUR MANAGER!
'LOOK, OL' BUDDY, THE BIG TIME! IF YOU WIN TONIGHT WE'VE GOT A FABERGÉ PROMOTION CONTRACT!
GROAN!
OH, MY SAINTED AUNT! WHAT A MESS!
WHO DID THIS TO YA, CRUSHER!
IT WUZ...A W...WOMAN!
A WOMAN! YOU LET A WOMAN DO THIS TO YA?
I'VE SPENT A FORTUNE ON YOU!
50 BUCKS FOR YOUR HAIR-CUT!
THE JETSAVE AIR FARE FROM NEW YORK!
THE DOWN PAYMENT ON YOUR TIGHTS!
WELL YOU ARE THROUGH, BUDDY!
I MANAGE WRESTLERS!
YOU CAN GO GETCHA SELF A JOB IN THE BALLET!


FOR THE NEXT SEQUENCE OF EVENTS WE HAVE TO THANK THE MIRACLE OF INTERNATIONAL TELECOMMUNICATIONS
LONDON
HULLO, COUNTESS! YEAH, I'M KEEPIN' BUSY, THANKS!
SHE JUST KNOCKED THE HELL OUT OF SOME WRESTLER AN' BOUGHT AN AIR TICKET TO ROME!
WE'VE LOCATED THIS WANDA VON KREESUS WOMAN YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR
BERLIN
NICE WORK, LAVINIA — GIVE THE GIRLS A BONUS!
WE'VE FOUND YOUR FRIEND, LITTLE CHICKEN —SHE'S ON HER WAY TO ROME!
LET HOMER FIND HER — I NEVER DID LIKE ROME!
LONDON? GOT YOUR CALL TO BERLIN!
BERLIN? YOU'RE THROUGH TO YOUR CALLER IN LONDON!
BERLIN? PUTTING YOUR CALL TO SWITZERLAND THROUGH NOW!
VON KREESUS SCHLOSS? HAVE A CALL FOR YOU FROM BERLIN!
THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS
GREAT NEWS, COUNTESS! WHERE DID YOU SAY SHE WAS HEADED FOR?
ROME! YE GODS! I'M ON MY WAY!
GET THE PLANE READY— SHE'S ON HER WAY TO ROME!
ROME! WHY ROME?
I DAREN'T EVEN THINK!
OKAY, AIR CREW— ON YOUR FEET!
OUR LEADE
YOU WOULDN'T GET A CONCORDE PILOT WORKIN' THESE HOURS!
IS A VENGEFUL WANDA ABOUT TO DESCEND ON THE VATICAN? HAS CANDYFLOSS GOT HER FEET UNDER THE TABLE AT NO 13, FORNIKATTENSTRASSE? DOES ANYONE CARE? ALL WILL BE REVEALED —NEXT MONTH!